"The decorating and furnishing of our drawing-room give far greater opportunity for the display of our 'artistic talents' than the more sober arrangement befitting a dining-room," said Mrs. Tremaine, as a preface to the discussion regarding the decoration of the room.

"There are a hundred little elegances requisite to make our salon something beyond a state reception room. This an upholsterer can do, but it is the little evidences of a lady's occupation and of her personal assistance in beautifying her drawing-room that really give the refined and home-like charm, which is the greatest it can possess."

"That is just what I always say to Mabel," exclaimed Nora, delightedly: "a room looks so much more home-like with a piece of fancy work on a table, as a piano place with some music on it, etc., etc."

"There is a medium, young lady," said Mabel, "when there are nine or ten half-finished pieces of work in as many different places, music on the desk, on two or three chairs, and on the floor. No room can look elegant with such untidiness."

"What you call untidiness / dignify by the name of artistic disorder," said Nora laughing; "but we are wasting our lecturer's time."

"We have, indeed, the time to waste," rejoined her cousin; "for before we come to the extras to which I alluded, there are the necessary articles of furniture—which must be as much as possible our own work—and the decoration of the room itself. If the floor is to be completely covered with carpeting, it passes out of our jurisdiction, but if the carpet is to be the only flooring, then, of course, the decoration of the room itself must be entrusted to us to stain and polish. The parquet flooring bought by the foot is the most elegant floor bordering, and wears admirably, but as we have decided on being as independent as possible of other persons' work, we are debauched from the use of this.

"There are many varieties of wall papers, and as they are all sold with ample directions for their use, I will not take up your time with a description of the use which the perusal of a potash I have already taught you how to use in staining the half-floor in your present house; of all stains this is by far the cheapest and easiest to apply."

"Now for our walls," said Mabel; "I must own to being very anxious about them; they must be papered or painted—I suppose there is no other way; either is very expensive to have quite nice. A really good paper will cost a small fortune for so large a room as ours."

"That depends entirely where you purchase it; and if you have the mind of the idea there is no choice but paper or paint. What I am going to recommend you is much superior to paint and much more simple: it is the Crete enamelling process."
"Pray don't forget that you promised us some gilt panels to our doors," said Nora, clapping her hands impatiently. "After these lovely walls you could not have the heart to bring us down to common paint."

"You shall have your gilt panelling on your doors and your window shutters; but let me advise you to defer these until everything else in the room is done, then try one as an experiment in effect; it may be that when your room is completely decorated and furnished you would find so great a mass of gilding out of character. I should then advise you to paint the panels in question without the gild background, you would find them very elegant even on the despised common paint."

"You shall have your promised lesson on painting on a gild background all the same, for there is no more elegant or more fashionable decoration than this. We can let it into the front of our piano, the doors of our cabinets, and, in fact, apply it in a variety of ways most effectively. As we are on the subject, I may as well give you the necessary directions at once.

"We need not take into consideration painting on panelling gilded expressly, as the material is too expensive for us. We therefore have in its place gold paper, which we must attach to cardboard or a thin piece of wood if we paint our panels apart from the articles they are to adorn. If, on the contrary, we are sufficiently sure of our success, the paper may be pasted at once where we wish it to remain. The paper is from two to three shillings a yard, and twenty-one inches wide. It can be had either plain or creped. Ordinary moist water-colours are used with red sable brushes, and no preparation whatever of the paper itself is required before the painting.

"As it is impossible to rub out or alter any mistake in the design without removing the gilding at the same time, your best plan will be to draw it on common paper and transfer it in the usual manner.

"All the parts to be painted on should be filled up with Chinese white, made the consistency of ordinary cream, but, for any large surface to be thus covered, to prevent its cracking you must use with the Chinese white a very small quantity of water-colour medium, or, what I far prefer, the new 'Veloutine' medium used for painting on the materials. When this white is perfectly dry, the colours are painted over it exactly in the ordinary manner for water-colour drawings. When everything is finished and quite dry a thin coat of the 'Veloutine' over the painting will preserve and brighten your colour."

"OUR OWN DECORATIONS."
"Your crewe-pattern will furnish you with suitable designs, and water-colour flowers copy supply you with the requisite colouring, and finishing details. You must remember to have a piece of soft chamois leather on which to rest your hand while painting, or you will find it has removed some of the gilding, and as this comes into use, I wish to call your attention to the care you must take in this respect. You must not allow your brush to rest on your picture anywhere; for its defects will not be so conspicuous, and begin another. If you will make sure of having such paints as auburn, russet, honeysuckles, wild roses, lilies, convolvuli, and many exotic plants tell very effectively on gilt backgrounds, and you will find tilt, tint, and foliage not only always beautiful in themselves, but harmonizing with everything else.

"If you decide on keeping these gold panelings for the decoration of your furniture, and painting the door and window panels on the wood itself, or rather on its painted surface, this must be done with oil colours."

"I should advise you to adopt a very simple and effective one, and the design can be transferred, and the outlines must be given over with brown paint, using a fine brush."

"The exception of crimson lake, all the colours must be opaque, and you can apply them just as you would on ordinary canvases."

"Stopping we should like to use our gilded picture frames, cornices, and capitals, and shutters, how are they to be stuck up?" asked Nora.

"The panel must be very accurately fitted, and either glued or fastened with small tacks into the faces, the joints being hidden by a small moulding. I do not think I can say much more on this till it comes to the practical working. What shall we arrange next?"

"Our carpet cannot very well be our own work; all we can do is to choose whether it shall be dark with a small running pattern. I saw one a few days ago on a nearly black ground, on which were small bunches of field daisies lightly tied together by narrow ribbons; the ribbons were unconscious of the flowers, with a little bunch of loops and ends to each set of flowers. If we can get this, we could hardly have anything prettier, and it will harmonize with your furniture, I think."

"I must insist on a Persian rug, or one of the long-haired mats—a grey one would be the most effective; in front of the window, it will not be noticed."

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"By no means, it is no dearer than the cretonne I have just mentioned, as it can be got in many shades for 4s. 6d. or 5s. a yard, and is double width. Why not have your furniture a combination of the two? Have your curtains and the principal part of your furniture covers of satin sheathing and ornament them with the cretonne."

"That sounds lovely," exclaimed Nora.

"Gentle stranger, prattle how!

"Purchase a large cretonne, with handsome stripes; many of these stripes have scroll work borders. It would not be so very difficult or long a task to cut out these edges and applique the strips as a border to your curtains in the way I have taught you to do the cretonne embroidery; they would require very little if any working over with silk, and the effect would repay the trouble a hundredfold."

"I should think they would be remarkably elegant," said Mabel, "and certainly not unmeaning.

"Ah well, the curtains are not yet finished; we require a valance, and this can be of the same material as the curtain, lined with something softer, still to keep it in shape; the lower edge must be shaped and trimmed with the same border as the curtains; a band of this sort on a stiff lining will form the curtain holder. Your inner curtains will be of light-looking lace or plain muslin, cream, white, or cream, as you prefer; my taste would be the last named. Notice for your chairs and sofas. The back of the chairs is covered with chintz; they should be made to match; suppose, therefore, we content ourselves with six, in which the wood is shown; the back and legs we shall choose and glue, the seats shall be of our satin sheathing coatpround (%ed), in manner I have described in the first of these lectures, as Nora calls all my material; this material wears three times as long tufted as plain, and the effect is infinitely richer. These chair covers will be entirely of the satin sheathing, the only ornaments being the buttons with which they are tufted, and the fancy gimp put round to conceal the fastening on the material."

"For our other chairs we will have one rather large, with a round seat and back; the latter, about four inches thick, is covered at the back with plain satin sheathing, and a band of the same, tufted, is put round the frame of wood forming the back of the chair. The front shall be of plain satin, and on it we will applique a group of flowers cut from cretonne and buttonhole stitched on, with silks to match; a few silks in the veining of the leaves and defining the petals of the flowers will be quite worth our while in this case. The circle of satin when completed must be sewn to the tufted band which surrounds it, and a cord of corresponding colour used to hide the join. The back, which consists of two circles of thin wood attached by a frame four inches wide, must have three or four thicknesses of wadding covered with a lining canvas, tightly stinted, and all this must be safely nailed on before the cover is put on. As this stufing increases the size, it is better to finish these preliminaries before cutting out the satin for the cover. The circle sewn to the border is then put on the frame, the border being left sufficiently wide to allow of its being securely nailed on the back; this done, the piece of black satin to cover the back is put over it and sewn to the back edge of the border, the stitches being hidden by a cord. The next part, of course, is to tuft or horsehair stuffing, which is not in our power to accomplish, but the cover is made precisely like that for the back, with the addition of a fringe hanging below the coatpround band that goes round it."

"Then we will have a low lounge chair with a high sloping back; this shall be covered with the satin sheathing, and 'that goes without saying,' and the side of the back and band round below the seat shall be of the cretonne bordering to match the curtains."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Made and Words by Corwood Dick.

A BALLAD STORY.

HERE is a river, my dear reader, down which you and I are floating, each in his own little bark, floating as fast as the stream can carry us to the great banks of Eternity. You, perhaps, are just beginning to learn to take the
THE DRAWING ROOM.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS

AND

OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS.

It is a shame, girls,—yes, it is a great shame, that we should make ourselves miserable by envying other people's happiness and coveting other people's things. Of the envious and covetous no one has spoken respectfully since the world began, and if you would only reflect which, at the sight of any, how soon some of your highnesses, is perhaps hardly to be expected;—you would be nothing but patterns of sweet content.

I have often thought of quoting to you the example of a man with whom it was a custom every evening before he retired to rest, to sit quietly for a time in his chair, endeavouring to discover whether he had done anything wrong during the day, even to the extent of considering what was not his own, and, if he fancied he had, did his best never to fall into the same error again. If that were your practice how good you would grow and how much more charming you would be. I, for one, would then pin my faith to you ever for.

As it is, to speak but of one fault at a time, how envious you sometimes are of others' good books. If women were able to cast the evil eye, as it is said the gypsies do, the reign of beauty would soon be over, and only homely features would be safe from the attacks of existence. My dear, don't be ridiculous; you are good enough looking for me, and, if not the prettiest I ever saw, you are by a long way the most agreeable. You are but deep, and to be envious of another's loveliness is to be no more sensible than a child crying for the moon.

It is just as wrong to be envious of affection. 'Why?' said a girl once, making a confession to me, 'I was in love with Tom when Julia came along, and she actually did her best to win him and she succeeded for him a bit, but she was envious at seeing me so happy.' Could anything have been more shallow? But there is no end to the mean things that are said.

Envy has made a home for itself everywhere, and whether we live in peasants' huts or in kings' palaces, it is pretty sure to be at least our neighbour. The ignorant envy the educated, the poor the rich, the low the high, and the high the low. Only the other day I read of a girl, nobly born, envying much the happiness of those unknowns who pass every morning over the dewy grass, sunny all day, and sleep soundly at night, and who have the privilege of bestowing their affections as the wind pleases, and of winging 'those who are high in love thought low in condition.'

Success of any sort is sure to set up envy. A girl, for example, has worked harder than her associates, and proved herself a better scholar; up jump immediately a crowd of ill-natured feelings excited by the honour she receives. She has, indeed, a noble spirit who can at such a moment deliver her congratulations without envy, and rejoice sincerely at the reward of the deserving. Life, my friends, is too short to spend any portion of it fretting at the success of others. Succeed for yourselves that is by a long way better than indulging in a passion that can never do you or anybody else a single harm.

Covetousness is a companion vice to envy, and quite as wicked, quite as foolish. In the young it is not always observable, your opportunity is slight, but not being so mimorous; it is but common enough for all that.

If there were not so many greedy girls there would not be so many avaricious women, and one's acquaintance is a very large circle if she cannot from personal observation furnish several who are far from models in this way.

I know at least one girl so greedy that the deep sea is nothing to her. She wishes everything that others have, and will stick at no craft or intrigue to obtain what she desires.

If either envy or covetousness ended in happiness it would be something, but both are enemies to happiness, like all other vices. The envious stipulate in the fairy story always in the long run come out second best, and it will be to the end of the chapter in the real world.

As we grow older these passions grow stronger in fault; have a proverb which says, 'Covetousness is the last vice which dies.' Once they take root, they never fail to wither the best natures; for neither generous thoughts, nor whole-some ambition, nor sincere love can exist in the same heart alongside of them.

On the whole they are the vices of little minds that have little to do. When a mind is occupied with thought, she has no time and still less inclination either for envying other people's good fortune, or unwarrantably desiring other people's possessions. Here we have perhaps the reason for envy and covetousness, especially envy, being much less common amongst men than amongst women; they have more to do. Be never sure this is as good a rule for mental health as to take plenty of exercise is a sound law for the health of the body.

It is a great antidote to envy to think that things are not always what they seem. Indeed, most often after we have summed up the happiness of prosperity of other people, we find we have seriously miscalculated. We are like the woman who longed to get into a Court circle, which appeared to her the most desirable of all companies. At last she did, and 'I wish,' she wrote soon after, 'I had never seen anything higher than the flowers of the field.'

Another, who attracted envy enough in her day, confessed her felicity as follows, 'How much,' she says, 'have I regretted that ever I was born even when I have been surrounded with all that could gratify the ambition of woman.'

As for covetousness, the more desire to have what our neighbour has, and so deprive her of the possession, should never be one of your failings. Happiness lies, and to covet more worldly goods—money or anything else—is but to make a treasure of a dust-heap. Let us all then cultivate content and be the best one mind as to making the beautiful lines of the old poet our own:

‘My conscience is my crown;
Contended thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.’

James Mason.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

By Madame de Lorraine.

PART II.

‘We must also have a folding chair: the frame may be made of bamboo, or the Austrian straw, the cover must be the same with the chair, and such as may be put over the top of the back and hung halfway to the ground. Below the seat in front the cover may be of the Roman satin, embroidered in Oriental designs in stripes with coloured crewels; there should be four stripes, the two outer being the broadest, and at the end hanging in front there must be a lattice work fringe with bands of the colours of the embroidery.

‘There is no necessity for this chair cover making, if you prefer you may have a Turkish ottoman made of cushions on a wooden frame, with a strip of fringe woven on, and cushions of the same tied on at the backs.’

‘Do not forget we are to have a Turkish ottoman made of cushions on a wooden frame, with a strip of fringe woven on, and cushions of the same tied on at the backs,’ said Mabel.

‘I need not recapitulate all the directions for that,’ said Mrs. Zemanek. ‘As you can
refer to your notes for them, all I shall say is we will have the cushions of the Roman satin and a border of the cretonne stripes used on the curtain to head the fringe surrounding the frame of the ottoman. We will have another Turkish seat also, made of two very corpulent square cushions, placed one on the other crossovers, so that the points of the one beneath come just in the centre of the straight lines of the one above; this is a very fashionable and most comfortable seat. The cushion may be covered with any handsome-patterned material or fancy work, and should be edged with cord with a tassel at each corner. Now for our sofa.

"Do you really think it possible for us to cover our sofa?" asked Mabel.

"I see no reason why you should not. I have seen a sofa covered by a lady with no more experience in upholstery than we have, and my motto is, "What woman has done woman can do." We shall buy our sofa fitted with springs and stuffed, covered with the canvas used for the purpose, the whole frame being so covered and showing no wood at all; the saving effected by doing without the curved wood is very considerable, as the frame, being hidden, need only be made of deal. If we wish our sofa stuffed we must, of course, order this to be done in the canvas, then all we have to do is to take the pattern of the seat, back, and arms in some soft, cheap materials—an old print shirt will do as well as anything—and allow sufficient material over the exact size for all the turnings in and the tuftings. We cut out our material—the satin sheeting—lay it on the seat, put a few tacks lightly in at the corners of each edge, and then put in the centre row of tufting. You will remember this is done with strong thread or fine string and a packing needle; the needle is brought through from underneath, and the button threaded on it; it is then taken back through the same hole, and the string is tied together, firmly and tightly, so as to draw the material down in a little dent. Then proceed to the other tuftings, taking great care so to arrange them that every row of buttons comes exactly between those at each side, or you will not give the proper diamond-shaped to the puffs. I say, put the outside tacks in tightly, because, as you draw the material down in the dents made by the buttons, you will find you have to allow more for this extra fulness than you contemplated, and therefore have to remove the tacks every now and then."
THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXIV.

When the three were all comfortably seated, Josephine waited a minute, staring gravely into the fire.

"Can’t you make a little hero in the coal, Josie?" asked Helen at last.

"No-o," murmured Josephine, slowly, in deep thought. Then, more quickly, "But how do you know that he is a hero?"

"How do I know?" repeated Helen, half laughing, "Why you said that we were about to tell me the story of a little boy; so I suppose the little boy is the hero of your story, is he not?"

"Oh-h, yes, I see; but he is a hero too, Helen; a very wonderful hero. If he were a man, and had done this thing, he would be thought a hero; but he is only a little boy of ten years old, and so it is quite glorious. About six weeks ago he was standing at the railway crossing, waiting to get his chance to pass. All of a sudden, just as a train was in sight, a baby escaped from its mother and ran between the lines. The mother stood still, shrieking, so did the other two or three people by her. It was only little Harry who kept his presence of mind and noble self-forgetfulness. While the guard blew his whistle, shouted frantically, and tried to stop the train, Harry flew to the baby, threw his arm round it, and brought it and himself flat on the ground just as the train passed over them.

"When the train was brought to a standstill at last, just beyond them, the baby was picked up unhurt, but a loose hanging chain had broken Harry’s leg, and the shock and strong excitement have made this accident more serious."

Josephine paused again. Helen’s eyes were glowing, as they always did when she heard of anything that she thought noble. She drew a deep breath, and asked in low tones, "And do you know this noble little fellow?"

"Yes," was Josephine’s answer. "Just lately I happen to know something of him and his family. Young as he is he has seen a great deal of sadness. Up to two years ago he was the youngest in as happy a home as I should imagine could have been found anywhere. There were four children, a father and mother; they had several servants, horses, carriages, and heaps of honeysuckles, and all sorts of luxuries. Then a bank broke, the fortune was all lost, and in a few weeks the father and younger sister were dead, and the elder brother taken from Eton to be a clerk in a merchant’s office."

"Through all these bitter trials the elder sister behaved most bravely and beautifully, comforting her mother, striving to comfort her father and sister, and cheer them back to life, soothing their death-beds with firm assurances that she would support those she left behind, strengthening her brother to face boldly his great reverses and so tenderly loving and cherishing the little Harry that his previous affection for her grew into the strongest love I have ever seen a child have for anyone. Oh, Helen! it is so sad to hear the poor little fellow, even in the unconsciousness of fever, sobbing for her to come to him."

"Then why doesn’t she go to him?" demanded Helen, with fearful indignation. "How can she let him even have to ask for her?"

"Because, Nellie, she has to earn the food and medicine for him, and the doctor’s fees, although her heart is almost breaking to be with him. People might be gentle with her now, poor thing. I think, under her present circumstances, I could bear anything from her myself.”

"I should think so," grunted Helen, reluctantly. "So could anyone."

Josephine turned to her with a strange, keen glance, and went on with her history. "The brave, kind elder sister was engaged to be married when the bank broke. She thought her lover was such a fine, noble sort of fellow, and she was so proud of him. Then after her father’s death he came to her, and—her mother told me all this—freed her from her engagement."

"He had seemed very much in love with her while she was rich; he didn’t want her now she was poor. And she said good-bye to him quite quietly, and never got ill, or anything. But from that day her mother says she grew hard and bitter to all the world but little Harry, and has never been changed. She had lost trust in everyone."

"I should think so," growled Helen a second time, "I wonder where that man is. I should like to tie his head under a pump.""

Again Josephine looked at her curiously, and went on—

"There is little more to tell you of my pitable tale, except the most pitiful ending of course, it became necessary the elder sister had been hitherto accustomed to be surrounded with luxury and deference, to work for the support of her mother and brother, and she went out as a governess. At first she found it hard to get profitable positions, because people distrusted the power of the elegantly-brought-up young lady to submit herself to the duties of her changed position. But she loved her mother and little Harry, too. She tried to strive for success, and though the accumulation of troubles had warped her nature, poor thing, to harshness and bitterness and impatience, she worked so steadily, so conscientiously, and successfully with her pupils that at last when it first-rate position, coveted by many, was open she succeeded in obtaining it, and rejoiced in the prospect of being able to pay for her young brother’s education. Unhappily, in her new position she met not only with the hundred and one usual trials sure to be felt so keenly by one with her over-trying spirit, but amongst her pupils was a girl who had never learnt to be in harmony with other people, even sometimes to submit, for love’s sake, to hardness, irri-